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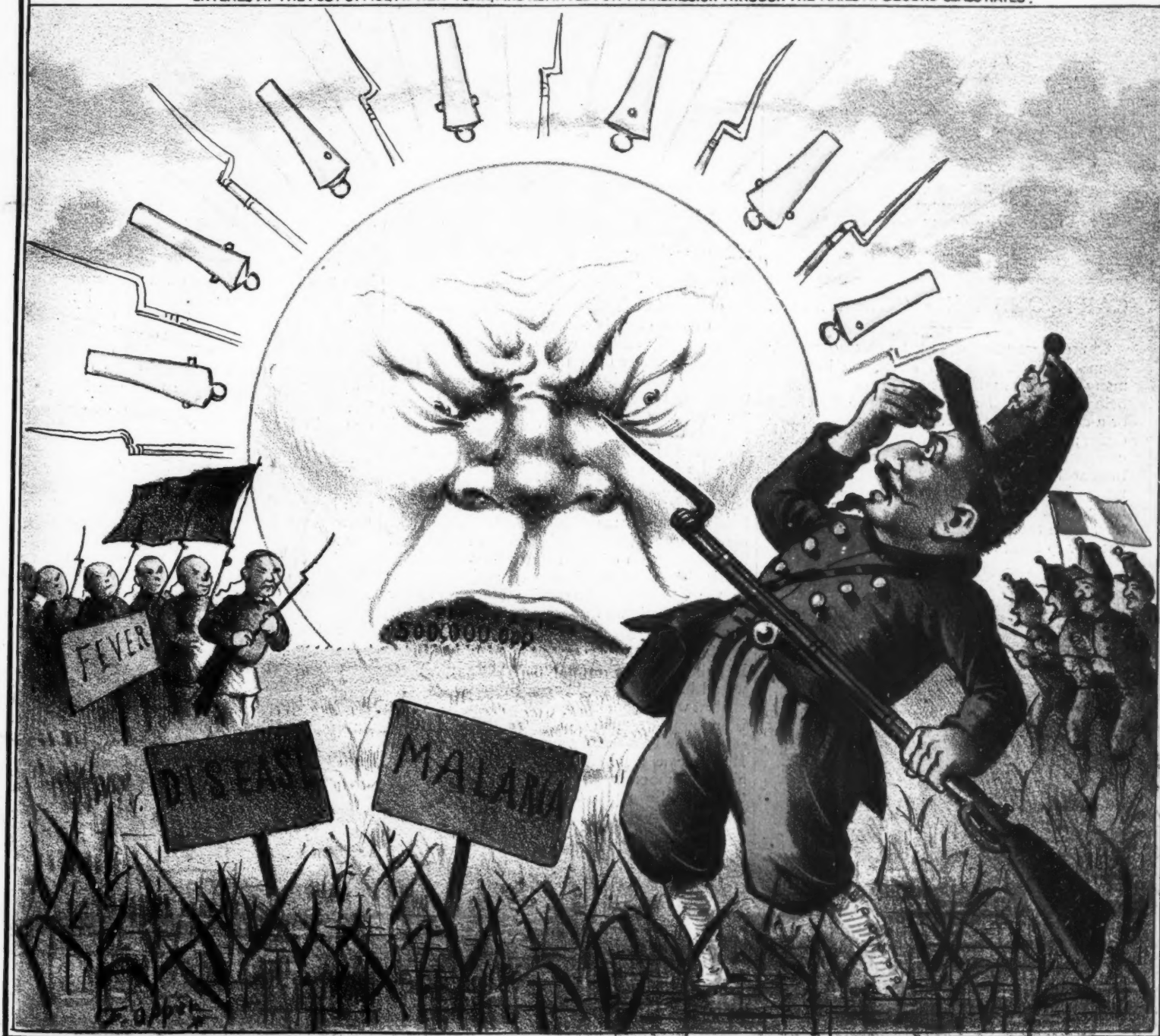
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CELESTIAL WRATH.

CHINA:—"I WILL MAKE IT *HOT* FOR YOU!"



## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is a common saying that one man's money is as good as another's; but, like many common sayings, it has not the merit of being true. A dollar in the hands of Jay Gould or a car-driver is neither more nor less than a dollar; and yet Mr. Jay Gould, it will be found, can get much more for his hundred cents than the car-driver. Why should this be so? The reason is very clear. It is because the capitalist has a great many more dollars behind his single one, while the poor wage-worker may not have another to back it.

So he has to buy coal from a coal monopolist, a bucket at a time, at the rate, perhaps, of fifty dollars a ton; and tea, sugar, coffee and necessities of life in the same proportion. The rich man gets full value for his money, because he has so much—the poor man does not, because he has so little. It is strange that there should be such an anomalous condition of things; but it does exist, and is seen around us wherever we look. A man may pay seventy or eighty dollars for a first-class cabin passage to Europe. He will enjoy every comfort and be treated with the utmost consideration.

Let him pay one-third of this amount for steerage accommodation; and will he get one-third the amount of attention? He will not. He will not get the fiftieth part of the consideration to which he is justly entitled. His treatment, in many instances, will be little better than that bestowed upon a respectable dog. In short, he will not receive fair value for his money, because he has not enough of that commodity. Perhaps this is seen more clearly in the purchase of goods on the installment plan than in any other way. It is a mistake to suppose that the large and fashionable up-town furniture-

## A SOCIAL PROBLEM.



WHY DOES A MAN DRESS UP HIS WIFE FOR  
OTHER MEN TO RUN AFTER—

AND THEN HAVE THE TRADESMEN RUNNING  
AFTER HIM?

stores and manufacturers—those that charge fabulous sums for dadas and arm-chairs—gain the most money. They do not.

The proprietor of the humbler establishment down-town in the Bowery, or on the far west side of the city, is the man who makes the money easily and rapidly, and his profits are very much larger than those of his more pretentious brother in the business. The installment man recognizes the fact that the poorer the customer the greater the proportion of profit is to be got out of him; therefore all he wants is a large number of poor customers, and then he is on the high road to fortune. By free advertising and by a liberal use of varnish, he disposes of the rubbishy furniture and household goods of his manufacture on the installment plan, at prices immeasurably above their value, in consideration of the so-called credit given. He is always sure of his money, and the result to the unfortunate buyers is often such as our artist has depicted in our cartoon.

The gentlemen at present identified with the Republican party are not very nice men. It would be difficult to place a finger on any one against whom something could not be said that is uncomplimentary. The same thing might be said of the Democrats; but we are talking about Republicans now. We shall have our little say about Democrats when their turn comes. If the Republican party will take our advice, we would urge upon it the necessity of getting rid at once of its objectionable leaders. They are doing it no good, and, besides, they are endangering its reputation—if they have not already destroyed it. There are good elements in the Republican party, who ought to get rid of the bad ones, and put matters on a respectable basis.

France, not to be outdone by her neighbor, England, is distinguishing herself by going to wars with nations that she thinks she will have no difficulty in thrashing. She is not quite prepared to fight any European nation just now.

She has not been so since her disastrous struggle with Germany; but it is just as well that she should keep her hand in, even if the foe is a "nigger," or belongs to what she may please to look upon as an inferior race. Her recent hostile proceedings in Madagascar will not, we fear, bring much glory to the tricolor. To bombard a wretched village containing nothing but a few huts is not a great feat of arms. In her encounter with China, if there really is to be war, she may get more than she bargained for. *La gloire* is a very beautiful thing, but must be used with discretion.

We have carefully read from day to day the proceedings of the Senate Labor Committee, and have endeavored to obtain enlightenment therefrom; but with indifferent success. It seems to have been the means of affording a number of "cranks" and monopolists the opportunity of giving biographical sketches of themselves, of "bulling" stocks and explaining a number of wild and unpractical theories. We do not object to these things; but we think Senator Blair errs in not calling the right sort of witnesses. There are many who can afford valuable information on all sorts of subjects. Why not have Dr. Mary Walker and Mr. John L. Sullivan examined? The Maori, too, is in New York. He could be called upon, and his evidence would be valuable. Then there are Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Billy Birch. The Senate Sub-Committee on Labor and Education does not know how to carry on its business.

The poet Campbell remarked that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." Of course she did; and Freedom also shrieked—with laughter—when she read

## PUCK ON WHEELS.

That is why all lovers of freedom buy it; and, as all lovers of freedom are American citizens, the whole population of the country is fast being supplied with the phenomenally amusing, richly and profusely illustrated work. Sold everywhere.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

No extra charge to foreign noblemen.

## THE SENATE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION.

The Senate Committee has got through a large amount of examining, and some of the gentlemen who have been subjected to the ordeal have said some very interesting things.

The testimony of Dr. Norvin Green, Mr. John Roach and Mr. Jay Gould is certainly in its way a revelation, and far more attractive reading than anything that Mr. Henry George or other political economic theorists have told the Committee.

It is the old story that we have heard from our earliest youth. The only way to become a millionaire is to begin the world with fifty cents in one's pocket. A dollar or a dollar and a half will not do it; it must be fifty cents.

In England, the amount required for this kind of business is half-a-crown—that is, sixty cents. The British millionaire who rises from the ranks or gutter—for it is often much the same thing in England—always comes to London with this amount, and in about thirty or forty years' time he is the biggest man in the city.

Dr. Norvin Green, the kind and benevolent President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, according to his own statement, sawed wood for a living in his early youth, but saved enough money from his earnings to enable him to learn how to saw human bones on the live man, and to dose and doctor mankind generally. This is why he is so wealthy and has so much sympathy for his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

All poor young men now know how they can become presidents of telegraph companies. They have simply to go and saw wood for a living, and get some sort of medical education afterward.

Mr. John Roach is a little different from Dr. Green. He admits having been a regular tramp and having no money at all. Now he owns the largest ship-yard in the United States, and pays in wages over a million and a half of dollars a year.

A valuable lesson is thus to be learned from Mr. Roach's career.

Men who are now tramps, and whose luxury consists in emptying the dregs of lager-beer kegs down their throats, may all become John Roaches if they work hard and long enough.

Mr. Jay Gould told a very picturesque story. He commenced life by earning a dollar for manufacturing a sun-dial. Very soon after this he began buying railroads.

Mr. Gould's case is an exceptional one. We do not think that all young men who start in life by making sun-dials can be sure of being in a position to buy railroads, and feel that money soon after has ceased to be an object.

Now these three gentlemen, who have succeeded in heaping up all this vast wealth, would have the world believe that everybody can do the same thing; but, at the same time, they know perfectly well that it is not possible. While hard work, determination and natural ability will do a great deal, they will not, unless by some happy combination of circumstances, make men such gigantic monopolists as Messrs. Green, Roach and Gould.

But the oddest thing about the matter is that these men, who were once laborers themselves, seem to have little or no sympathy for those who now have to work as hard as they did. We refer more particularly to Messrs. Green and Gould.

Mr. Roach, so far as we know, appears to get on well enough with his employees. But the Western Union Company, which is practically the property of the other two gentlemen, has not sought to distinguish itself by liberality, as the late strike and the subsequent surrender showed.

And yet, according to the admissions of

Messrs. Gould and Green, the profits of the company are very large, and more than sufficient to pay the telegraphic operators fair wages. They did not ask for so very much. They didn't ask Mr. Jay Gould to divide any of his millions among them; they only asked for a just return for their labor, which they are not likely to get, as matters look now.

Some philosophers ought to set about finding out why it is that most men, when they rise above the position of wage-workers themselves and accumulate immense wealth, seem to lose sympathy and care less for the condition of their fellow-creatures. Or is this indifference inherent in human nature?

## NOSE IN THE POSTAL SERVICE.



LETTER-CARRIER:—"Miss Bridget McGuffin?"

MISS BRIDGET:—"That's me. Shure and it's from that foolish lad that works in the drug-store."

LETTER-CARRIER:—"I think it must be from some idiot who works in a German grocery-store. It smells of Limburger cheese."

It is stated that a great deal of activity will conquer dyspepsia. The district messenger-boy should paste this in his cap.

"MATTHEW ARNOLD," says an English periodical: "has lately been placed on the pension-list for £250 per annum. This is a good thing for Matthew; and, when the spring dawns upon the earth again, he will not be obliged to put on a suit of armor bristling with spikes when he wants to speak to an editor in relation to selling a poem on the birth of the flowers, and the fall of the showers in nature's vernal bowers."

## TABLE TALK.

MAY I TROUBLE you for a muffin?—Do you know the Browns have come back to town already, and are going to take a flat for the winter?—That's splendid butter!—Do you know that that Maud McGuffin has just received a box of kid gloves from Paris?—May I have another lump of sugar in my coffee?—Thanks!—The Simpsons were at church Sunday. They say Louise is engaged to Tom Robinson—Where do you get this tea?—Send up a check to-day for fifty dollars—We had better go to the dress-maker's to-day—I wonder if the Joneses will have a box at the opera next season—Let's have another fish-ball, etc.

## Putterings.

### A WIND INSTRUMENT—The Book-Agent.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR recently walked into our editorial rooms and laid the largest trout of the season on our table.

Is it not paradoxical that a woman can enjoy whist, when silence is one of the things to be strictly observed?

"WHAT'S IN ANNAM?" asked Shakspeare. If Shake had lived in these days, he'd have answered: "War, just at the present moment."

THE STATE GREENBACK CONVENTION has met. He adopted the usual resolutions and platform, and then lit his pipe and walked home.

JOHN KELLY wants harmony. The kind of harmony that suits him is where he furnishes the music and the instruments, and the other harmonizers look on and applaud his show.

WHEN AN Ocean Grove hotel keeps open all through the winter—as the Sheldon House does—it is rough on the clerk; because he can't get a chance to pawn his diamond to get things for the cold weather.

THE SUMMER season is about over at the seaside, and the young lady who has returned to her home on Fifth Avenue regrets very much having made the acquaintance of the young lady who lives over near Tenth Avenue.

THAT *fac simile* of the first number of the New York Sun is a very pretty sheet; but there must be something wrong about it, for we have looked in vain through the columns to find that the "Republican party must go."

THE NEW YORK *Evening Post* says: "The bloated monopolist and stock-broker ride in cabs now. Has the *Evening Post* ever been to Niagara? It is there the bloated monopolist who drives the cab and the poor man who rides in it—poorer than ever after his visit."

MR. JAY GOULD is reported as saying, in his evidence before the Senate Committee on Labor, that, when a youth, he cried and prayed, and felt better after it. We wonder if it was his praying that broke up the Western Union telegraphers' strike, and that makes him feel so "good" now.

THE SAD-EYED poet wanders  
Among the waving sumachs  
That stand beside the fences  
And shake their scarlet turbans,  
At least their gleaming torches.  
And there the poet, sitting,  
Perceives the happy robin  
Ascending to the tree-top  
To dodge the little gunner.  
But soon the dreamy poet  
Is very much a-hungered,  
And, though he's ever courting  
Things most sad and dismal,  
He runs for his existence,  
As down the field the farmer  
Runs to grab and kick him,  
Under the impression  
That he is an apple  
Or a grape purloiner.  
And the poet swiftly runs  
As from twenty-seven duns—  
Wretched sinner!—  
And he never stops,  
He never stops  
Until he's reached his dinner.



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXCVIII.

SOME AMERICAN NUISANCES.



feachahs of life in aw Amerwica.

Some people may think them too twifling to notice; but I do not. I always avoid entering a twam-car, because I object to the aw cwushing and cwooding; and especially have I a horwah of the conductah, who pokes one in the wibs to get the aw fare. I am not of an aggwessive nachah myself, but I weally think, the next time one of these fellahs puts his fin-gahs on me, I positively shall be obliged to aw knock him down—pwovided I have no ladies with me. Why the d-d-deuce can't they ask faw what they wequire without contaminating one with their dweadful touch?

Anothah thing which is particulahly offensive to me is the habit that a large majorwity of Amerwicans have of expectorwating all the time; and they nevah do this without clearwing their throats in a verwy obtwusive and disagweeable mannah.

I have also fault to find with a pwactice that is indulged in by numerwous waitahs in sum-mah hotels—even those that pwetend to wank with the higher class. I wefer to the throw-ing of the plates and dishes before one.

When you sit at a table, the boorwish waitah fwequently pitches at you a knife, fork and spoon so that they will spwing up sever-al inches in the air; and then he aw slings the soup, fish, meat, vegetables and pastwy at you in the same mannah.

I have observed that this verwy wepwehen-sible sort of thing is not so generwal in hotels and westaurwants where the pwog is served *à la carte*; but it is almost invarwiable at the aw

Ya-as, while I am he-ah at Newport with my family, and enjoying this weally quite awfully pleas-ant weathah, and occasionally chat-ting with my aw fwriends and neigh-bahs, I have been thinking and we-lecting on some of the objectionable

Amerwican *table d'hôte*. And it is to be found in its worst phase—at least, so I am cwedibly informed—at certain forweign westaurwants in New York, where a pwodigious dinnah is placed befaw the guest faw four or five shillings. I don't think that I should care about twying places such as this verwy much. I should feel bawed and worwied. But my gwumblin is not half finished.

I positively can nevah undahstand why the inhabitants of New York have faw so long sub-mitted to the b-b-beastly annoyance of having omnibuses without conductahs. I do not think that I can aw wecall words in my vocabularwy to expwess my sentiments with wegard to this wretched dwawback.

In the first place, the vehicles themselves are perfectly horwid, and wattle in a way that ser-wiously affects my nerves. I have forbidden Mrs. Fitznoodle evah to entah one of these—I may almost say Satanic machines. The aw dwivah, as everwybody knows, has to do everwy-thing; and there is always dangah of twushing one's hat or cwacking one's skull when standing up and balancing to pwocure change, in ordah to dwop the pwopah fare in a money-box. You have to wench your arm to weach the little hole in the woof and wing a gong which some-times wefuses to sound; then change is passed through done up in a little bwown envelope. A man is expected to hand up the fare of everwy woman who gets in, and sometimes the 'bus has nothing but women in it, and is awfully cwowded. Then it is perfect martyrdom for the man.

My experwiences in these wattle-twaps of vehicles make me ill when I think of them. Amerwicans are long-sufferwing, aftah all; they seem to have no ide-ah of their most ordinarwy wights aw.

SIX THOUSAND cases of blankets were sold last week at auction in this city. It is supposed that they were bought by the Democratic party for use next year, when they are likely to be left out in the cold.

THE CHARGE for masses at Wheeling, West Virginia, has been increased. The priest, Fa-ther Kreusch, announced that the price, in the future, would be ten dollars for high and five for low; but, through some unaccountable over-sight, nothing is said about Jack and the Game.

## LONG AND SHORT.

He sat on a barrel, weeping.

"What is the matter?" inquired a man who looked like a missionary.

"I'm a poet," replied the weeper.

"Oh, I see," said the missionary: "and the approaching autumn makes you reflect, or rather throws you into a sentimental reverie. As you see the colored leaf descend to the sward, I presume you think of the time when you walked in the grand old forest with some pretty girl whose face you will never forget."

"That is not it, exactly; but, you see, I am six feet and a half high."

"And is that why you weep?"

"It is."

"Very strange," said the missionary: "most men like to be tall, and most women like tall men. The greatest gladiators in ancient Rome were men of great height and breadth."

"Yes, but I am a poet," responded the tall man, with a fresh avalanche of tears.

"And why should you not be both a poet and tall?" inquired the old man, tenderly.

"Because," replied the poet: "because I am too big to fit into a hall-bedroom, and I am too impecunious to hire a large room, and that is the whyforeness of the thusly."

And the poet buried his face in his hands, and looked the picture of utter despair.

As the old gentleman walked up the wharf, buried in deep reflection, he saw another man weeping.

"What's the matter?" inquired the old man.

"I am only five feet high," responded the weeper.

"I suppose you fell in love with a girl who would not have you because you are not tall. If that is so, you should not weep. You ought to find consolation in the fact that many of the greatest men known to history were small. Now Napoleon was a little fellow—"

"I have not been disappointed in love," broke in the little man: "but I am out of employment at present, and—"

Here the little fellow broke down into an old-fashioned cry, and the aged individual took off his gold-rimmed glasses, wiped them, put them back, and said:

"Come, now, cheer up, and don't be down-hearted and glum. Every one has trouble at some time or other, and trouble is the test of a brave heart. The merchant who lives in affluence frequently loses by speculation, and has to parade Broadway in the rain, with the placard of the ten-cent restaurant on his shoulder. But, by bravely facing the music, he finally gets a chance to keep a set of books for ten dollars a week. Now, why should you be weeping?"

The little man looked sadly at his aged friend, and replied:

"Why, because I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning for a hundred men to take part in a new spectacular drama, and, after I traveled to the theatre, I was told that every man had to be over six feet high, and I couldn't get in, and that is what breaks me up."

And the old man walked up the street, wondering why it is that Fate smiles so erratically on men.

OUR AGRICULTURAL friend, the *Rural New Yorker*, has an article which treats of "Rapid Settlement Out West." We think the most rapid case of rapid settlement on record, without regard to locality, is that of David Davis coming down on a banana-skin.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE—That which enables a young lady at a church-fair to dip recklessly into the cauldron of oyster-soup, without once looking, and never fetch up more than the one lonely regulation oyster.

## THE LAST SUMMER HOTEL BOARDER.



IT'S A COLD NIGHT WHEN HE GETS LEFT.



OUR UNEXPECTED RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY—  
AND HOW WE FOUND BRIDGET'S RELATIONS ALL OVER THE HOUSE.



"Cousin" in the China-Closet.



"Father" in the Flour-Barrel.



"Aunt" in the Anthracite-Bin.



"Brother" in the Bath-Tub.



"Sister" under the Sofa.



Assorted Relations on the Roof.

THE WORLD.

Some people are always complaining that the world is not good enough, and that it ought to be better. We are very well contented with the world as it is. It is a good enough world as it stands, or rather as it rolls, and we are not disposed to find fault with it. However, we might make a few remarks on the subject, to let people know how we think the world could be improved, if there is any room for improvement. An improvement might be brought about:

If every baker's pie hadn't a dyspeptic lining—

If Washington's body-servant would only die—

If church-fair oyster-stews contained more than one oyster apiece—

If humorists would let up on the stove-pipe and shaking the carpet—

If square meals and level, unlumpy beds were dispensed in boarding-houses—

If tailors would only have your clothes done on the day they are promised for—

If one shoe would not wear out before its mate begins to run over at the heel—

If people would only stop writing to editors, telling them how to run their papers—

If men in theatres would not walk out over ladies' feet every time the curtain falls—

If the trousers of the impecunious would not bag at the knees before they are a month old—

If all cornet, accordion and autograph-album fiends could be impounded like cows and dogs—

If the milkman would not yell like an Indian in the morning, and wake people out of a sound sleep—

If the authors of "Beautiful Snow" could be collected, and destroyed through the medium of dynamite—

If country postmasters would not make a point of reading all the postal-cards before delivering them—

If biographers would only decide on some way of spelling the Bard of Avon's name, and never depart from it—

If "Fair Play," "Veritas" and "Honesty" would only stop writing letters to editors who have use for their space—

If every woman would not think her children the best children in the world, and that her son will one day be President—

If barbers would only remain silent, and not ask you a host of questions, and give you a lot of information while shaving you—

If there was only a game-law which would enable people to go out and shoot street-musicians at certain seasons of the year—

If the oldest inhabitant would not tell us how the Hudson River came to freeze over in the summer of 1763, or something of that kind—

If cigar-dealers would keep more than one brand, and not give you the same cigar for fifteen cents that they give some one else for ten—

If the button-hole in the back of one's shirt would not always stretch itself out of shape in order to get sufficiently large to throw out the collar-button at will—

If the man who wants to know of an editor whether or not Buchanan preferred raw clams to chicken fricassee would stop prefacing his letter by stating that he has been a constant reader of the valuable paper for over sixteen years—especially when the paper is not eight years old.

The world might be improved a little if the above nuisances and outrages could be remedied; but, after all, a cool, calm and dispassionate view of the situation is that the world is good enough as it is.

HOW ANIMALS UNDERSTAND.

The London *Spectator* prints an article calculated to show how our meaning is conveyed to animals. We do not know how it is in England; but, in this country, when we want a mule to move on, we tell him so, often in ill-chosen language, and then convey our meaning by whaling him over the head with a crowbar. When our landlady wants a flock of hens to abdicate her favorite garden-bed, she throws both hands in the air and says: "Shoo!" Of course the hens have never studied the dictionary, and don't know what "shoo" means, and it is in order to convey her meaning that she picks up a stone, and, throwing it with might and main, hits the house, which is directly behind her.

The hens, hearing the stone strike the house, know that "shoo" is a verb which means to get out, and is a synonym for "vamoose," "skedaddle," etc., and they immediately light out.

When we yell at an intruding cat, "Scat!" we also hurl a bootjack at her, that the meaning of the word may be perfectly clear to her.

When we say "Get ap" to the horse we are driving, we fetch him one with the whip at the same time, and then he knows what we are driving at.

When we request a dog to take himself off the premises, we supplement the remark by hurling a brick or two, and the dog understands us perfectly.

This shows that we waste many words in the course of a year. Why utter the words at all? Why not depend on the missiles, as an Irishman does in a free fight? And, besides this, if you spare the crowbar you spoil the canal-mule.



## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Dear Puck:

Have you ever been down to the briny? Ever luxuriated in the moonlight upon the golden sands of Coney? Ever paid five cents for a thimble-full of frothy lager, drank it and smacked your lips in the delicious realization of the all-pervading sensation of complete nothingness that permeated your being? Ever interviewed one of the semi-animated statues—yclept waiters—who deigns to allow his languid glance to wander in your direction when you timidly call for a chicken sandwich? Ever sympathized with that solitary and lonely piece of veal that masquerades as chicken for your delectation? Ever eaten it with a thankful heart, ruminating, the while, upon the mutability of human hopes?

Of course you have! What do I take you for? Oh, PUCK, have you ever watched the lovers—watched the tender clinging girls—the girly-girls and their dudes? Ever followed softly in their footsteps as they wandered to and fro upon those golden sands? Ever listened to their billing and their cooing? Of course you haven't! Well, I have, and this is what I heard. But first let me describe the pair. They were young—oh, so very young! And she was tall and fair—divinely fair—and trod the sands with queenly grace, while he clung to her arm—oh, so tenderly, so confidently! and was distinctively and emphatically a dude.

I listened, and I heard:

HE.—"This is a jolly old place, ain't it?"

SHE.—"Awfully!"

HE.—"I hope the steam-cars will be crowded going home, don't you?"

SHE.—"Do you? Why?"

HE (*apparently confounded at her want of penetration*).—"Why—er—you know—er—it's warmer."

SHE.—"Oh!"

Silence for about ten minutes; the young man evidently exhausted, she gazing pensively at the moon. Then:

HE (*idiotically*).—"Awfully jolly place!"

SHE still interested in the study of astronomy.

HE.—"You ain't mad, are you?"

SHE.—"Me? Oh, gracious, no!"

HE.—"I thought maybe you was."

SHE.—"Did you? Why?"

HE.—"Oh, I don't know. I thought maybe you was."

SHE.—"It's awfully slow here to-night; don't you think so?"

HE (*incredulously*).—"Slow?"

SHE.—"Why, yes. I think we better go home."

HE.—"Why, we've just got here."

SHE.—"I don't care; I'd as lief be home."

Then followed another long interval of silence. The youth still clung to her arm, but with a despondent air, as though he had resigned all hope of earthly joys. But he was not entirely crushed; he made one more superhuman effort.

HE.—"Do you know Kittie Smith?"

SHE.—"I've met her. Why?"

HE.—"Oh, nothing. I used to be mashed on her."

SHE.—"Indeed! You've been mashed on a good many, haven't you?"

HE (*innocently*).—"Oh, yes, indeed! Let me see—there was Kittie Smith and Belle White and Mollie Brown and—oh, a fellow can't think of half of them; but I've given that all up now!"

SHE (*dreamily*).—"Given what all up?"

HE.—"Why, mashing, of course."

SHE.—"Oh!"

HE (*with intense expression*).—"I'm only going to have one girl now."

SHE (*murmuringly*).—"How kind. (*Diabolically*) Have you picked her out yet?"

HE.—"Oh, yes! Ha! ha! ha!"

SHE.—"What are you laughing at?"

HE (*tenderly*).—"As if you didn't know who it is."

SHE (*curtly*).—"Know who what is?"

HE.—"Why, my girl, of course."

SHE.—"Why, I'm sure I don't. Which one do you mean?"

HE (*with concentrated tenderness*).—"You know."

SHE (*oh, so innocently!*).—"Indeed I don't. Is it Kittie or Mollie?"

HE (*indignantly*).—"Neither of them. You see her every day."

SHE.—"I see her? Why, where?"

Oh, PUCK! I hardly dared to breathe, my excitement was so intense. I listened with strained hearing for his reply.

HE—(and how can I convey to you one tithe of the intense relief and perfect satisfaction that his voice expressed when he spoke?).—"In your looking-glass."

SHE (*sharply, quickly, frigidly*—indeed, the iciness of her tone made me shake as with the ague).—"Thank you, I don't take other people's leavings!"

I draw the curtain.

PETER PETERKINS.

## TO SUCCEED.

If you want to succeed in life, you must wrap yourself in mystery. If you earn but five dollars a week, you must dissemble in such a manner as to make people believe you enjoy a princely income.

You must talk about wealthy people as though intimately acquainted with them. You must walk down-town to save money, and tell people you do it for the exercise, which you need because of your sedentary position, even if you are a hod-carrier in an obscure neighborhood.

If you can't get an overcoat, smilingly go without one, and laugh at the man who wears one, and say you are not delicate and the weather is not half cold enough, and you're afraid you will be obliged to put on your summer underclothing if it doesn't hurry up and get cold.

If you can't afford to leave the city during the heated term, say you prefer the city, every time, and ridicule the country as much as possible by saying it is only a bower of mosquitos and malaria, and that you can't get a decent meal there to save your life.

But, if you can't afford to live at Newport, or in the more fashionable part of the city, go and secure a den in Bleecker Street or some other out-of-the-way place, and camp out for the summer, and tell your friends in the winter that you have been in Colorado.

If you are unable to secure a Derby in October, stick to your straw hat, and say that you intend to wear it right into the winter, because your hair is falling out, and the straw is so loosely sewed that the wind may pass through and ventilate it.

Then, when an elderly man asks you how much money you are making, out of idle curiosity, turn about and smilingly ask him if he thinks Tilden will run. Never answer his question, and, above all things, never swap confidences or become intimate with people you meet in a boarding-house.

When a man tells you how you might make a big fortune, ask him how it is that he is poor. And when he tells you how rich he would be if he were only your age, tell him that no one can preach success as eloquently as a pronounced failure.

If you incline to gambling, keep out of Wall Street. Leave stocks alone, and go and risk your money in a legitimate gambling-house. It is all gambling, and the same thing; but the regularly ordained gambling-house gives you your verdict right before your eyes, on the spot.

Never rush in to separate two men who are fighting on the street. If you do, you may be struck by both parties. Stand off and take-in the circus. If men have sufficient provocation to maul each other, it would be cowardly and wicked for them not to fight.

Anyhow, it is none of your business, and you, therefore, have no right to interfere and spoil the fun; because we have no more fun in this world than we want, and the more we have, the happier we become.

Never land at a friend's house at meal-time. It will look as though you are trying to secure a gratuitous dinner; and, besides, you will not get a better dinner than you can buy anywhere for a dollar; and they may have a number of things on the table that you don't like, and you will have to eat them out of courtesy.

Never spend ten thousand dollars to have your daughter taught to sing, or play on the piano, because you can go and get surfeited with the best professional living for two dollars. Besides, just as your daughter is becoming proficient, she will marry a dry-goods drummer and leave you. After a woman marries she closes the piano for good, and stops singing, in order to find time to talk.

Never order a Spanish omelette in a country hotel.

Never buy a dog from a boy you don't know.

Never have your picture taken with a cornet in your mouth, an accordion in your hand, or a fire-hat on your head.

Never wear cuff-buttons or scarf-pin designed to show your calling.

## STILL THEY COME.



AN "ASSISTED EMIGRANT" FROM JERSEY.



PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



To compensate for the tearing down of Booth's and the destruction of the late Park Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin have built a handsome and commodious house on Thirty-first Street, near Third Avenue. It is called the THIRD AVENUE THEATRE, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson opened it in his usual act of *Rip Van Winkle*. Mr. Edwin Thorne is now exercising himself with the "Black Flag" at this brand-new theatre. The remains of "Vera" having been disposed of at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE—Oscar Wilde being the chief mourner—Mr. Charles Wyndham, with his London Comedy Company, is presenting his last season's success, "The Great Divorce Case."

Mr. Lawrence Barrett is at the STAR THEATRE with his excellent company, and is a "Francesca da Rimini," niminy piminy, chock full of glee young man. The George Edgar Shakspearean Combination, which came to an untimely end in Chicago, is now at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE for this week. At today's matinee "Othello" is to be performed; the remainder of the week, "Richelieu." Mr. L. Morrison and Miss Ellie Wilton constitute the principal support. The irrepressible Cockney manager of opera at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC will have a formidable rival in Mr. Abbey, whose METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE will open some time in October with phenomenal attractions.

The old favorite, Aimée, is with us once more at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, with Mr. Maurice Grau's newly-organized French Opera Company. Lecocq's new opera, "la Princesse des Canaries," is the attraction this week. Mlle. Aimée creates the parts of *Pépita*, and Mlle. Angele Inez. "A Friendly Tip," at the TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE, is wretched stuff, although there is a distinct idea in the dude character, that of *Sir Chauncey Trip*; but Mr. W. J. Ferguson, the actor, does not grasp it; and Mr. J. H. Farrell has a great deal to learn in the way of play-writing.

If places of amusement like the CASINO will persist in playing one piece for many months, we must content ourselves by making comments that have a monotonous flavor. "Prince Methusalem" and Aronson's Casino Orchestra on the roof continue to prove great attractions. "The Merry Duchess," by George R. Sims and Frederick Clay, is at the STANDARD—of which more anon—while "Heart and Hand," at DALY'S, in which Mr. George Sweet and Miss Marie Conron show their vocal ability, holds its own, previous to going on the road. We won't—but we may just intimate in as quiet a manner as possible that "The Rajah" is still to be seen at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Billy Birch's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have settled down to work, and the encouragement is such as to be calculated to induce them to continue in their good missionary work. Salsbury's Troubadours are now busily engaged in drawing audiences to the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. They are doing it with "Green-Room Fun." The "infinite variety" is never withered at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE; for now it shelters the original "Romany Rye" Company, with James M. Hardy as *Jack Hearne*.

Everybody who writes a Russian play does not necessarily make a failure of it. Mr. Harry St. Maur is the

man who wrote "The Romanoff," and it is a success—especially as it was interpreted by Miss Charlotte Thompson and a strong company at Portland, August 30th. We hope "The Romanoff" will be seen in New York.

LITERARY NOTES.

Charles T. Dillingham, of New York, has published "The Pocket-Guide Around the World," by Thomas W. Knox. The work is also known as "A Practical Handbook for the Globe Trotter," and it fully deserves its name. Colonel Knox is an old journalist, and the keenest of observers. He has been everywhere, and is just as much at home with an iceberg or a polar-bear as he is with a Libyan lion or a Sahara simoom. No one should undertake the journey around this planet without Colonel Knox's useful—indeed, indispensable little book.

The *Commercial Travelers' Magazine* is out for October, and it is full of good things. It is what a plum-pudding would be if a plum-pudding were made entirely of plums. It contains the opening chapters of a novel by Joaquin Miller, entitled, "The Treasure of Treasure Island," and many entertaining stories, humorous sketches and poems. "Adventures of a Fake," by R. L. Neville, is quaint and amusing. Taken as a whole, it is a very bright number.

AU REVOIR.

Filled with regret I cannot speak,  
I sit and gaze upon thy form,  
And think of all the hours we've passed  
When skies were blue and days were warm.

I met thee when the balmy June  
Had framed in leaf, rock, tree and glen,  
And through the golden summer-tide  
Our paths, our aims the same have been.

I decked thee with a ribbon blue,  
Which gentle hands marked "E. C. D.";  
My thoughts have filled thee to the brim,  
And on my crown I've rested thee.

The time has been, I will confess,  
After a night of song and wine,  
Thy fond embrace could scarce contain  
The head 'round which thy bonds would twine.

And now, thou child of Mackinaw,  
As days grow short and shadows long,  
Our paths diverge; parting must be;  
Thou fleest with the robin's song.

Ah, well! the joyous summer's gone—  
The race, the yacht, the fish, the deer—  
And now we say a long farewell,  
In this, the gloaming of the year.

And one word more, forbearing friends;  
An explanation here seems pat—  
This agony is all about  
My yellow Mackinaw straw hat.

GIL FORDE.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She has seen her.

PSI.—Can we? Can we weave a cartoon representing Capital and Labor by the Laocoon—the priest and sons as Labor and the snake as Capital? Can we? Yes, sweet stranger, we can. And we can jump out of a sixth-story window, too, and we can eat pie, and we can put on a bathing-suit and walk up to the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, too, if we want to. But somehow or other, Psi, that isn't our way of doing business. Come down to Warren Street just once, and see the marble palace we live in. Well, if we were to build cartoons on ideas as baldheadedly pre-Adamite as that, we should be sitting out in the ash-barrel and wondering who owned the palace, and if he was good for five cents when the wail of honest poverty smote his ears.

FREE LUNCH.

"THE GREAT beauty of the muzzle," remarked the bull-dog to his master: "is that it acts like a helmet, and is a great protection against gratuitous bricks and other vulgar projectiles employed by unrefined genius."

"Then I will put it on you," replied the owner, who thereupon redecorated the quadruped in his midsummer head-gear.

"I am happy now," remarked the dog: "I am now the dog in the iron mask. If unmuzzled, it would be unsafe to leave me unchained; but now I am harmless, and may roam at will—"

He was interrupted by another dog whom he had once chewed up.

This dog, seeing he was muzzled and incapable of inflicting injury, just sailed in, and masticated him until he was a sight to behold, and could not have been identified by his owner had it not been for the muzzle, which had his name on it.

And he does not believe in the muzzle as a protector as firmly as he used to.

THIS is the time of the year at which all people return from the sea-shore and mountains, and prepare to make a grand winter splurge. And it is also the time of the year at which the dog-fight and coroner's-inquest reporters on a daily paper try to be made society reporters, that they may take in all approaching kettle-drums and receptions, and thus have a good time and cut down their restaurant bills.

IT MAKES a farmer crazy to look up into an apple-tree to tell his son, who is up at the top, how to shake the fruit down, and suddenly get an apple on the nose so hard that it knocks him down and rolls him around, and causes the boy to descend and seek safety in the woods.

THERE is a man in Chicago who advertises a compound which will keep eggs for a year. Now, would it not be a good scheme for some speculator to purchase eggs in the summer-time, when they are very cheap, and hold on to them until Lent, and undersell the market?

THE PEANUT is now supplanted by the Delaware peach, and shortly the Delaware peach will be supplanted by the roast chestnut.

A WOMAN is always most busily engaged at packing a trunk when the expressman calls for it.

NO MATTER how cold a girl may be, she will never decline ice-cream. And no matter how sick she may be, she will never refuse tickets for a matinee.

A CHANCE YET.

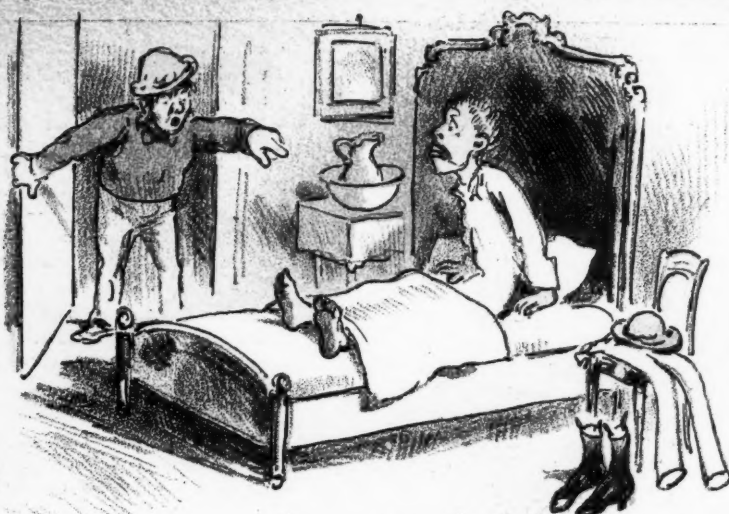


ANCIENT DAMOZEL:—"They say now that it is the fashion for no woman under thirty to marry. I'm sure I don't look so much more than that."





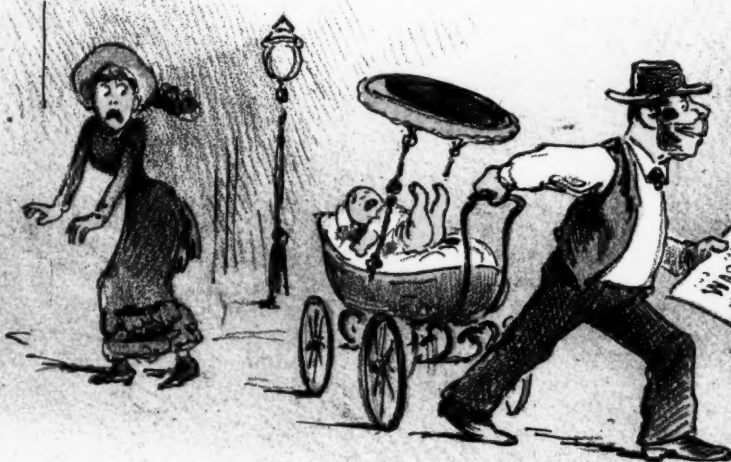
Chair and Patient Carried Off Together.



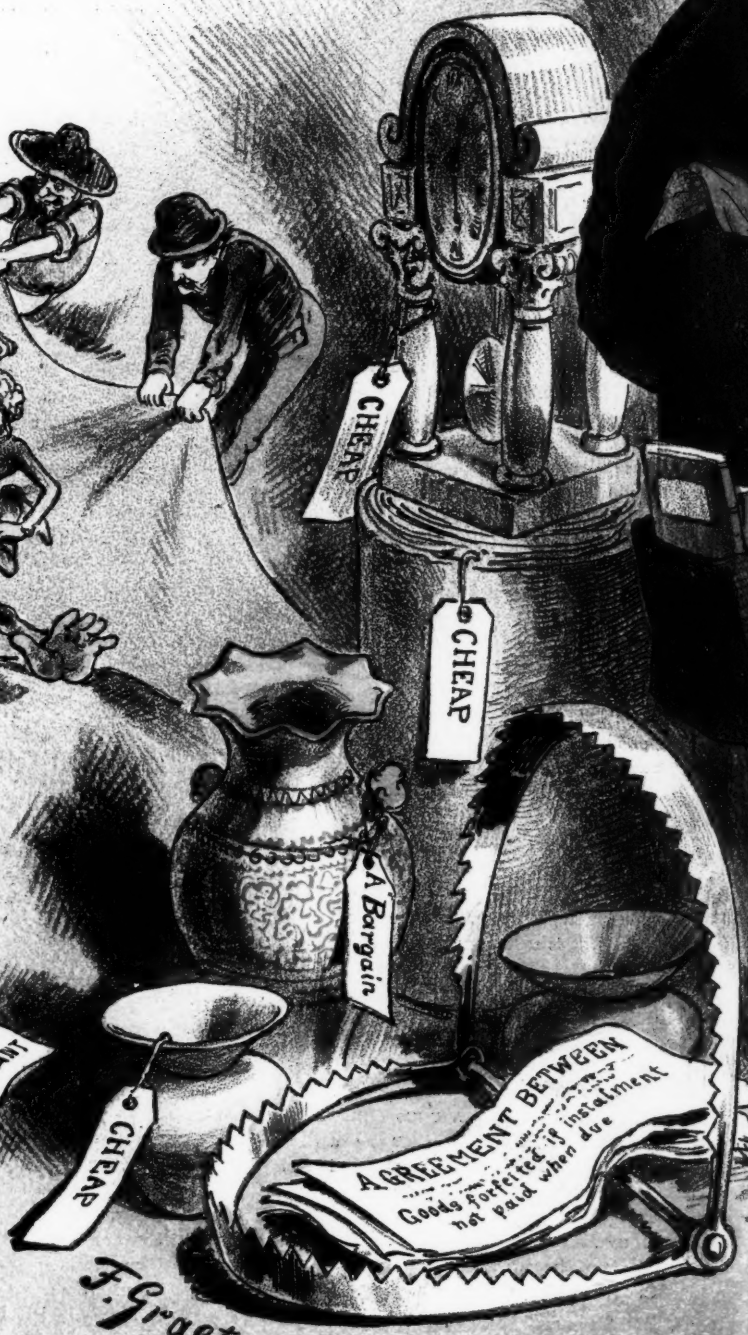
The Bed Must Go, With or Without the Boarder.



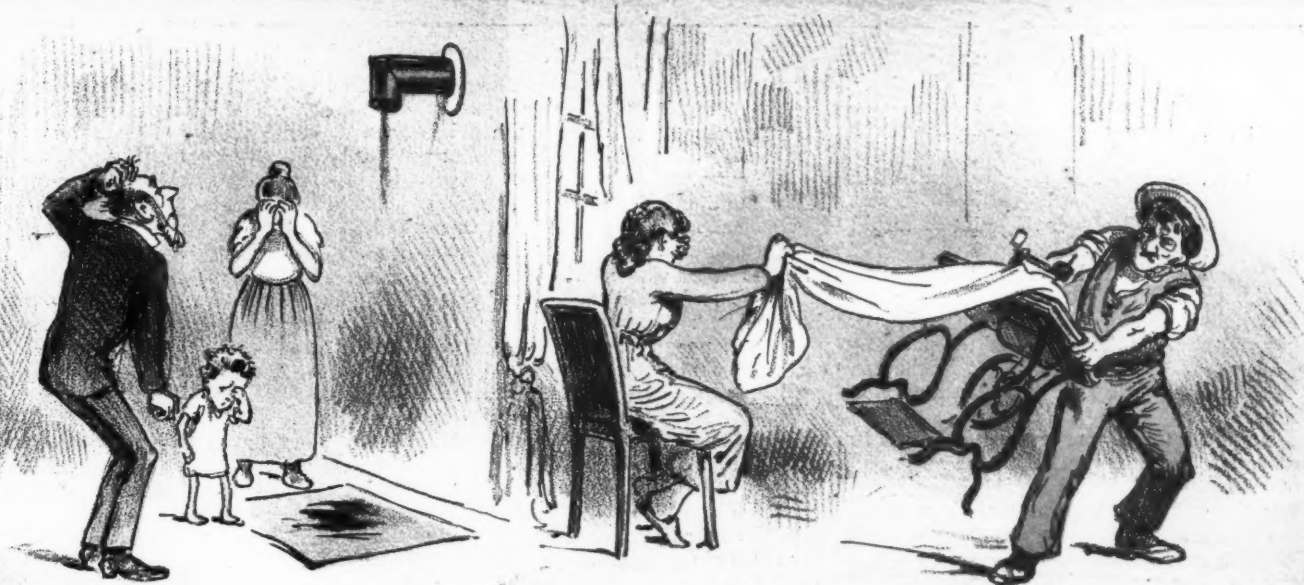
The Carpet Seized and the Party Broken Up.



Back Goes the Baby-Carriage.

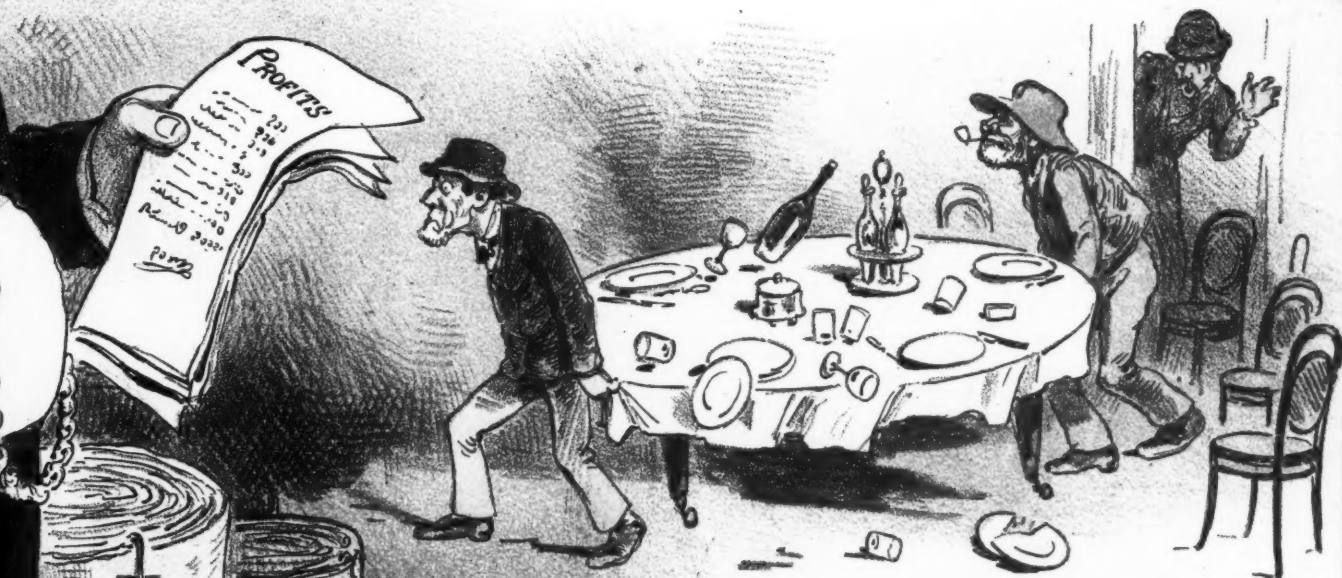




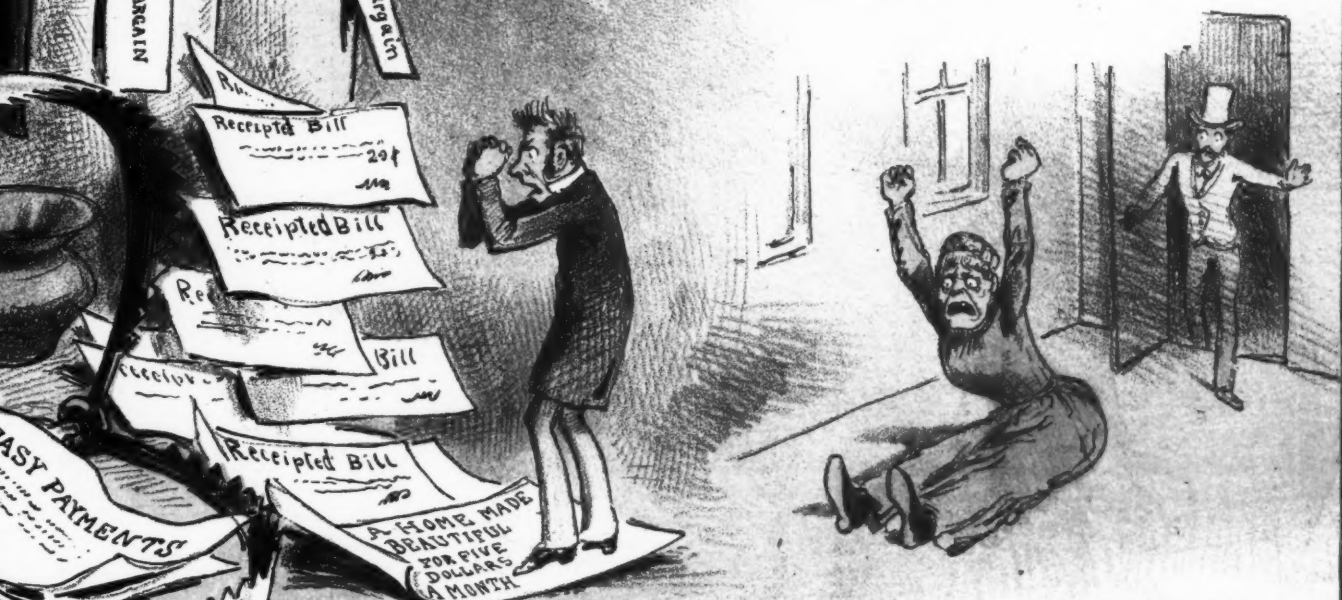


It's a Cold Day when the Stove is Not Left.

The "Installment" Sewing-Machine Snatchers.



Coming Home Hungry, Just in Time to See the "Installment" Table Walked Off.



Harrowing to Think that the Money You Have Paid Would Have Bought the Goods Out-and-Out.

One Comfort, and One Only: If They Take the Furniture, Your Mother-in-Law Will Have to Sit Down On Herself.



## AUTUMN FASHIONS.

For men to wager hats on the election—  
For the sparrow to be sold, on toast, for quail—

For the sea-serpent to say farewell to the watering-places—

For the base-ball player to go into a torpid state for the winter—

For the pot-hunter to be arrested for shooting birds within the city limits—

For the dog to wander about without fear of being captured by the scouts of the pound—

For apples to be cut and laid out in the sun on a plank to dry, that they may be converted into pies—

For a man to eat raw oysters for luncheon every day for several weeks after the advent of September—

For the small boy to purloin ash-barrels and boxes off the sidewalk to burn in celebration of election-day—

For the poet to take his light overcoat out of pawn, and have his white plug hat dyed black for the winter—

For the sea-side hackman to sit in the bosom of his family and cut the coupons off his bonds with a lawn-mower—

For the policeman whose beat is near the river to neglect his duty and go down on the wharf to catch striped bass—

For women to hurry home from the sea-shore and mountains before the dressmakers get their hands full for months to come—

For the furrier to begin to hint at the fact, in his advertisement, that a seal-skin sacque is just the thing for a Christmas present—

For the small boy to play "hookey," for the purpose of gunning and engaging in that delectable pastime known as "shinney"—

For the latest celebrity—whether he be pugilist, poet or trotting-horse—to attempt to gain more fame and shekels by writing a play—

For the landlady to say to the new boarder that she is not quite to rights yet, but will put up lace curtains in the course of a few days—

For the Chinese laundryman to set up a great howl because men have stopped wearing white vests, which are done up at a quarter apiece—

For the man who earns a livelihood by renting boats and fishing-tackle to put on a long face, and look as sad as the iceman in January—

For the poet to burst forth into a wild unearthly avalanche of stuff about dying flowers, hazy woods, departing songsters and deceased loves—

For old women to begin to lay in all their friends' and relatives' old clothing, and cut it into strips to work into a rag-carpet for the kitchen—

For the sentimental young lady to go forth in the wood and gather ferns and pretty leaves, and take them home and pack them away in the Bible—

For people to wonder if Samuel J. Tilden will run, and for papers that are friendly to him to state that he is younger than he was ten years ago—

For the young man who has earned his living all the summer on a farm to tell his friends that he has been at Newport and the White Mountains—

For the actor to get a regular engagement, and stand on the Square during the afternoon in a loud-checked ulster and a large silver-headed cane—

For a man to go for his light overcoat, only to discover that last May his wife gave it to a peripatetic Italian peddler in exchange for a bust of Columbus—

For the old turkey-gobbler to refuse the inviting food put before him, that he may foil the designs of his enemies, and not be fat enough for the table by Thanksgiving—

For the aspirant for political honors to go to county fairs, and harangue the farmers on pigs and bulls, and at the same time carefully dodge the tariff and prohibition questions—

For the dusky Italian to don his pea-jacket, soft hat and plain gold ear-rings, and sell roasted chestnuts, wrapped up in a piece of an old vest to keep them warm, on the corner for five cents—

For the editor to collect all the facts he can about the opposite candidate, and work them up into campaign lies, carefully refraining from alluding to the virtues of said candidate—if he have any—

When the target-company turns out and secures silverware, to be shot for, from Samuel J. Tilden and other politicians who could not think of running under any circumstances whatever, etc.—

For the young lady who has been in the country all the summer, riding around in a village-cart, to shed tears because she can't keep her village-cart in the cellar of the city boarding-house, and her horse in a hall-bedroom—

For poems to appear in which such rhymes as "remember" and "November" and "October" and "sober" occur, mixed up with allusions to "dreamy haze" and "ashen days" and "tender regrets"—

For the painter to go forth and purchase a bunch of grapes, a plum, a few apples and a bottle of beer, and, after arranging them on a piece of red velvet, to paint them, and then make a meal of the still life—

For the school-boy to go out into the lonely back lot, and build a fire, and burn shoes on it, and roast sweet potatoes, and still be on the alert, to jump at a moment's notice, and dive through a hole in the fence to escape from the policeman—

For the lecture-committee to get up a good course, including the names of a distinguished clergyman, a daring explorer, a tottering scientist, an elocutionist, an acrobat, and a well-known long-remembered ex-politician, who talks sitting down—

For the poetic young lady who is not quite through school to write a composition arguing that life is like a falling leaf, and to wax musical over the golden-rod, and to tie the pages with a blue ribbon, and send the whole business to the rural paper—

For the political "heeler" to sleep on the stoop of the candidate, that he may nail him as he comes out in the morning; and for the candidate to treat every one he meets, and to enter and leave his home at the rear, to escape the cormorants awaiting his appearance in front—

For the boarding-house keeper to put her advertisement in the leading papers, and state that she has had the whole place remodeled from cellar to roof, and new gold-paper put on the parlor walls, and a new coat of paint throughout, and purchased a fresh piano, and a few choice imported works of art.

The above are a few of the Autumn fashions that do not appear in those journals whose pages are illustrated by maps of various kinds of wearing-apparel.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A CAMPAIGN LIE—"I didn't spend a cent, or make any personal effort to get the office."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—To the ice-cream saloon with Gladys Esmeralda.

WHO TEMPERs the wind to the shorn Wall Street lamb?

## BETTER THAN NOTHING.



SUCCESSFUL BELLE:—"He's NOT GRAND, BUT SOME OF THE GIRLS AT THE BEACH DIDN'T GET ANY."



## Professor Feeler, the Renowned Phrenologist, Examines the Head of Professor McManus, the Celebrated Pugilist.



1) "Let me see. Your bump of—"



2) "Benevolence is small—very small."



3) "The formation of your head shows great lack of brain power."



4) "Your bump of honesty is totally missing."



5) "Here I find no indication of physical courage. A child could knock you out."



6) How Professor Feeler's bumps looked, after Professor McManus had examined them.

## THE PRESIDENT'S INDIAN RACKET.

President Arthur, during his visit to 'the Yellowstone country, became deeply interested in the Noble Red Man of the Forest. It will be remembered that at Fort Washakie the Boss Pale Face was the particular cynosure of the respective Shoshone and Arapahoe eye. He was presented by the braves with moccasins, leggings, beads, feathers and other Indian costumes and ornaments. A thrilling war-dance was executed for his delectation, and the distinguished party was treated to a marvelous serenade that resembled nothing so much as a Wagnerian overture on a hotel-gong. A dozen dusky warriors beat on drums and warbled their wild weird war-songs. Secretary Lincoln, who has a gifted ear for music, after listening to one song with bass-drum accompaniment, whispered to the President that he was now convinced that some Indians at least could be civilized; but the only way to accomplish such an end was to shoot every red fiend who attempted to sing or fool with a musical instrument. And from the fact that Senator Vest urged Gen. Sheridan to telegraph his troops to come on in the next train and transport the Indian drum-corps and singers to the Happy Hunting Grounds, via powder and lead, it is strongly inferred that he also was laboring under the impression that he had heard sweeter music.

The President, however, whose moist eyes indicated how deeply he was affected by the

rude simplicity and ruder strains of the friendly warriors, addressed them in words breathing a spirit of brotherly love and Christian kindness. He told them that their music had touched his heart as no other music had ever done, or could do—and recalled to memory the busy hives of industry in the populous haunts of the pale faces, where the ear is smote with the lascivious pleasing of the melodious melody of the steam-gong and the cheerful clangor of the boiler-foundry; and he hoped they would beat their scalping-knives and tomahawks into trombones and bass-drums, because music, heavenly maid, had power to soothe the savage, and make a political campaign as expensive as a steam-yacht. He advised them to live within their incomes, and never to indulge in dudish yearnings for bob-tail coats, tooth-pick shoes and speckled neckties. Whereupon an old Shoshone brave grunted in approval:

"How! how! Big Injun want fire-water!"

Thus showing that the President's wholesome remarks had not fallen upon barren soil.

On the trip home the Presidential party made the train-boy's heart glad by investing liberally in his elevating literature. Gen. Sheridan purchased Talmage's sermons and other works of a humorous character; Senator Vest absorbed mental pabulum of the Concord School of Philosophy brand—reading five minutes, and devoting the next hour to trying to

guess what it was all about; Secretary Lincoln reveled in romance as exemplified by the lectures of Col. Ingersoll; while President Arthur, whose thoughts still lingered with the noble red man, bought six dime-novels of the Buffalo Bill vintage, and was soon deeply buried in the truthful narrative of "Wen-on-the-Head; or, The Indian Chief's Revenge." When he struck the chapter where sixteen Indians, armed to the teeth, were adroitly surrounded and captured by one white hero of the big-brimmed-hat-and-long-hair variety, he became so excited that he jumped from his seat and gave vent to such a hair-elevating and marrow-chilling war-whoop that Gen. Sheridan quickly ducked his head under the seat; Senator Vest gazed wildly around, murmured, "Heaven protect us!" and fainted dead away; and Secretary Lincoln, believing the car was full of hostile savages, cried, "Turn the rascals out!" and discharged his revolver at random, the ball going through Judge Rollins's hat.

The President, when he realized the situation, hugely enjoyed the "scare," and laughed heartily. Senator Vest, having recovered consciousness, manifested his displeasure at the President's levity, and vowed that if the offense was repeated he would get out of the car and walk home; and Gen. Sheridan declared that it was very unright to frighten an old soldier that way, when he was off his guard and his

troops thousands of miles away. President Arthur craved their pardons, and explained that when his feelings got worked up on the wrongs of the poor Indian, so faithfully depicted in dime literature, his heart bled for the oppressed victims, and he had to get up on his hind-legs and howl. Or language of similar import.

The President is very proud of the gifts presented to him by the Indians at Washakie, and takes pleasure in exhibiting them to his friends. He frequently arrays himself in his moccasins, leggings, feathers, etc., and executes a war-dance in the private recesses of his chamber. The other day he perpetrated a little joke on the members of his Cabinet which nearly had a fatal termination. The fact that the incident never found its way into the daily newspapers induces the belief that the correspondents and reporters were bribed to suppress all mention of the affair.

It was the first meeting of the Cabinet after the return of the Yellowstone excursionists. The members were patiently awaiting the arrival of His Excellency. Secretary Lincoln was regaling his fellow-members with wonderful stories of his fishing and hunting exploits. "Talking of trout," said Lincoln, throwing one leg over the other: "what do you think of catching three sixteen-pounders at one time on one hoo—"

The fish exaggeration was nipped in the bud by the sudden appearance of a robust Indian, in war-paint and feathers, who dashed into the room, brandishing a tomahawk in one hand and a scalping-knife in the other, and shouting: "Ugh! ugh! Me big injun! Ku-ottof-f-head! Wah! wah!" And he danced wildly about, making a feint at each member with his knife, as if he was yearning for their scalps. Postmaster-General Gresham plunged under a table, followed by Secretary Folger, with their hair standing on end; Secretary Chandler darted behind Lincoln, who backed into a corner, and the Secretary of the Interior and Attorney-General Brewster rushed for the door; but the big Indian barred the way and made a savage grab for Mr. Brewster's locks. The Attorney-General fell over a chair in his frantic efforts to escape, and, upon recovering his equilibrium and dignity, seized his gold-headed cane, and thus addressed the dusky intruder: "Noble Child of the Forest! You are in the home of the White Father, and you will please preserve that decorum and respect due to the head of the greatest nation on earth. If, good Mr. Indian, you have a grievance—if your people are starving for improved firearms and fire-water—state your case in a little less demonstrative manner, and the Secretary of the Interior will—"

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted the alleged child of the forest: "Big Injun go-tthe-bu-lgeonw-hit-e-manw-hodis-cussesth-ings. How! how!"

"We must send for an interpreter," said Brewster: "From his language I judge he belongs to the Sioux nation. We must humor him, or we may all be scalped before help arrives."

"Injun playgoodgoak! Want stove-pipe hat and pigeon-tail coat, like white brothers," said the Indian, waltzing up to Mr. Brewster with uplifted tomahawk.

"Here," said the Attorney-General, quickly removing his coat and tendering it and his plug hat to the unknown brave: "take these and go."

The Indian put on the hat, which was two sizes too small, and performed a picturesque war-dance around the room. Suddenly he reached under the table, clutched Postmaster-General Gresham by the hair, and uttered the most soul-piercing war-whoop ever heard outside of an Indian drama. Secretary Chandler wished he had the American navy in the room; and Secretary Lincoln raised a chair and said the Indian must go, and he didn't see what in the deuce detained the President, anyhow; and

he was in favor of calling out seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the Indian rebellion. Folger suggested that maybe the President had already been butchered in cold blood by the red fiend, and Brewster thought this would teach the Government the necessity of immediately adopting a more vigorous Indian policy.

Again the spurious Indian flourished his weapons, and yelled: "Oco-meno-w! Whatar-eyo-ugiv-ingus? Yum-yum!"

The Secretary of the Interior said the Government was not guilty of any such conduct toward the wards of the nation as the Indian's remarks implied, and he could prove it; but advised his visitor to call again when the Cabinet had more leisure to discuss their wrongs.

Secretary Lincoln was about bringing his chair down with crushing weight on the red warrior's head, when the masquerading President threw off his blanket, removed his feathers and revealed his identity.

Postmaster-General Gresham said he knew all the time it was the President, and he merely pretended to be frightened half to death in order to help carry out the joke.

Secretary Chandler said that if this outrage got into the newspapers it would bring the Administration into disrepute, and fatally damage the President's chances in the next National Republican Convention.

The session of the Cabinet was quite brief and unusually quiet. The Indian question was not considered. It is understood that Attorney-General Brewster contemplates tendering his resignation at an early day; but the reason he assigns therefor is not known. W.

#### THE END OF THE SEASON.



ELIGIBLE PARTY:—"Ha! ha!! None of those fortune-hunting sirens of the sea-side could freeze onto me!"

A BLAZE in the cabin of a resident of "Kaintuck" called out the engines the other day, and after them came the Fire Marshal to investigate and report.

"Do you know how it caught?" he asked of the householder.

"Well, sah, I reckon it was what dem big folks calls sponfus combustibus."

"You mean spontaneous combustion."

"Dat's 'zactly what I means, sah. Yes, sah, I reckon it was dat."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, in de fust place, I sent de gal up in de garret to fin' my ole butes. In de nex' place, she took a candle. In de las' place, she upshot de candle 'mong a lot o' newspapers, an' cum shinnin' down de ladder wid her eyes as big as turnips an' tole me dat de cabin was all afire. Yes, sah, I reckon it was spontaneous combustion, an' soon's we git de furnicher back in Ize gwine to lick dat gal till she can't holler! She orter knowed dat spontaneous combustion was sunthin' dat couldn't be fooled wid."—*M. Quad.*

Now that Newport has capered all summer through the crops to its heart's content, it is lending a willing ear to the petition of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to abolish fox-hunting. The slight difficulty at present hampering the society is that the foxes of Rhode Island have rather enjoyed the chase than been harmed by it. The Farmers' Co-operative Union for the Development of Shot-Guns and Wire Fences has taken a stand, however, and it is not improbable that next year the Hunt will be without game, unless, indeed, it find an indestructible pastime in scampering after a tin fox on wheels running harmlessly along the public highway.—*Life.*

A RICH sensation has just been spoiled in St. Louis. A wealthy young lady of that city had fully made up her mind to run away with and marry her father's coachman, when at the last moment she discovered that the coachman wouldn't have her.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE gentleman offered to bet \$10 that he could safely leave his umbrella in a hotel corridor, and, of course, a fool took the bet. The gentleman left and lost the umbrella, but the \$10 more than paid for it, so, of course, he was safe in leaving it.—*Boston Post.*

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SHE had a little boy with her as she sat down in the street-car beside a lady acquaintance, and drawled out:

"Oh, you don't know how glad I am to get home again. We were away seven weeks."

"So long as that?"

"Yes, indeed. You don't know how monotonous the roar of the sea becomes after a week or two."

"I've heard so."

"Ma, what sea are you talking about?" suddenly put in the boy.

"Hush, child."

"But Uncle George lives up in the woods in Isabella County, and it was all woods and mosquitos and snakes, and such old beds and poor living that you cried to go home. Is that the kind of roar you heard?"

The other lady was awful good. She looked out of the car-window, and began to talk about the weather.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN the stranger remarked that he was from Arkansas, one of the passengers suddenly turned and asked:

"You are, eh? Maybe you are from Crittenden County?"

"I am that."

"Perhaps from James's Landing?"

"That's it, exactly."

"Then maybe you know my brother, William Henry Jones, from Penn Yan, this State?"

"Stranger, put it thar!" exclaimed the Arkansas traveler, as he extended his hand and smiled all over: "Bust my buttons if I didn't help hang your brother for cattle-stealing jist before I left home."—*Wall Street News.*

VERBATIM.—"Pray, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial: "what did pass between you and the prisoner?"

"Oh, then, plase your Lordship," said Pat: "sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall."

"Paddy!" says he.

"What?" says I.

"Here!" says he.

"Where?" says I.

"Whisht!" says he.

"Hush!" says I.

"And that's all, plase your Lordship."—*Chambers's Journal.*

A LADY in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her. But at last a friend thought to remark that the lady's mouth looked very large when she laughed, and that put a stop to the mirth in a minute.—*Boston Post.*

Now is the time when the sea-side landlord wonders if a profit of six hundred per cent will pay him for leasing the old ranch for another season.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

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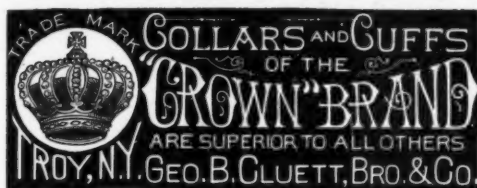
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